And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cooſen Glendower wil you ſit down? and Vncle Worceſter; a plague vpon it, *I* haue forgot the map.

Glendow. No, here it is; ſit Cooſen Percie, ſit good Cooſen Hotſpur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaſter doth ſpeak of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſight he wiſheth you in heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glen. *I* cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes
Of burning creſſets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers cat had but kittened, though your ſelfe had neuer bene borne.

Glen. *I* ſay, the earth did ſhake when *I* was borne.

Hot. And *I* ſay, the earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the earth ſhooke to ſee the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie,
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of collicke pincht and vex't,
By the impriſoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeples and moſſegrowen towers. At your birth
Our Grandam earth, hauing this diſtemprature
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Cooſen, of many men
I do not beare theſe croſsings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

Theſe

Theſe ſignes haue mark't me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life doe ſhew,
I am not in the roule of common men:
Where is he liuing, clipt in with the ſea,
That chides the bancks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but womans ſonne,
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Arte,
And hold me pace, in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke, there's no man ſpeaks better Welſh:
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cooſen Percy, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deepe.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach you cooſen, to command the

Hot. And I can teach thee, cooſe, to ſhame the deuil,
By telling trueth. Tell trueth and ſhame the deuill:
If thou haue power to rayſe him, bring him hither,
And ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence:
Oh while you liue, tell trueth and ſhame the deuill.

Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made h
Againſt my power, thrice from the bancks of Wye,
And ſandy bottomd Seuerne haue I ſent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How ſcapes he agues, in the deuils name?

Glen. Come, here is the map, ſhal we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſsignd:
All Weſtward, Wales beyond the Seuerne ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and deare cooſe, to you,
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,